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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

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The Legend Of
CREEPY HOLLOW!



If Headless Horsemen are your thing (and there's no accounting for taste these days!) then this issue's **Winston's Diary** will be right up your street, or should that be highway? Anyway, Egon takes a ride back in time to a life once spent in Creepy Hollow. Mmm, sounds like the place where I spent my last holiday!

From four-legged foes we float on to **Demon Dirigibles**. What d'you mean, you're not familiar with them? Well, neither were **The Real Ghostbusters** until they met up with this particular *windbag*, a real dastardly inflatable if ever there was one!

Aside from the regular haunts, we give you that incredible **Colouring Page** again! Hooray, I hear you cry. Well, quite right, but just you lot remember – don't go over the lines, or there'll be trouble!

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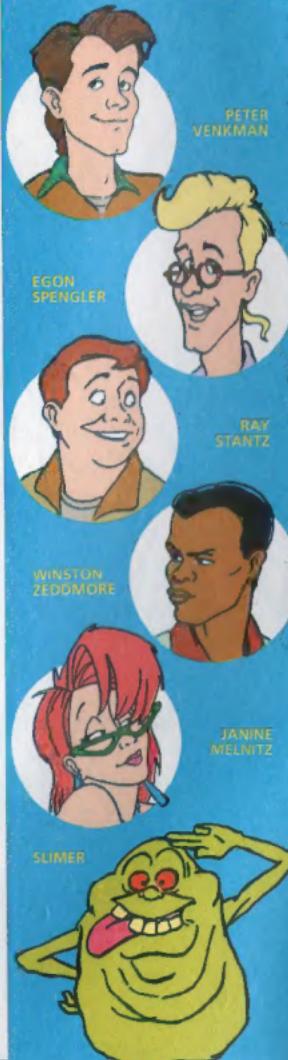
Cover by ANDY LANNING and STEPHEN BASKERVILLE
editor STUART BARTLETT Assistant Editor DEBORAH TATE
Spiritual Guide DAN ABNETT



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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



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DEMON DIRIGIBLE!

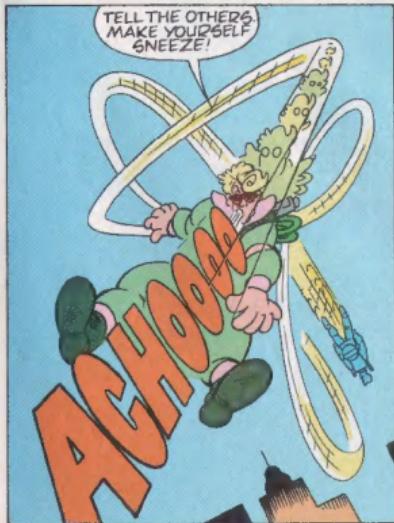
THE GHOSTBUSTERS ARE RELAXING IN CENTRAL PARK...

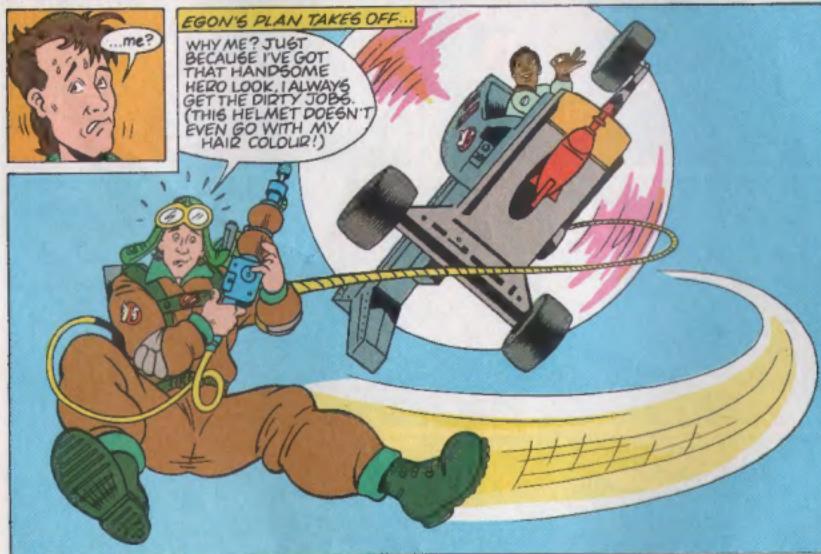


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SPENGLER'S SPIRIT GUIDE

Elemental fury from the Supercosmos comes in many shapes and forms. Not the least of these is the Class five, or six, Vaporous Agitator, or *Air Elemental*. As early as 50 BC, the Greek philosopher Spiney the Elder had tabulated a chart of 'The Five Winds' which he listed as 'East, West, South, North, and the Fifth that blows from the Gates of Chaos itself'. This 'Fifth Wind' caused a lot of problems for the ancient Greeks: Ulyssiliad the Wanderer met one on his voyages and was blown off course for nineteen years. By this time he had rather lost interest in wandering, adventuring and the like and settled down to become a used chariot salesman in Crete. Other ancient writers, in particular Juvenile, record 'Fifth Winds' as creating havoc at dinner parties by blowing togas every which way and puffing dust into the eye of Polyphemus the Cyclops. They also blew down the Colossus of Rhodes nine times, until the inhabitants of that city realised bronze would be a better building material than raffia. William Wagglestaff, the Elizabethan dramatist, mentions air elementals in the act five soliloquy of his play *Hammed-up, Prince of Deutschmark*:

"To stand, or not to stand . . . that is the question, Whether 'tis easier in general to suffer the gusts and buffets of outrageous wind,



PART 93

Or stand up and risk being blown base over apex into the courtyard of Elsinore, And have Horatio laugh at me. It's a toughie . . ."

Also Watt Dowelrod, the court jester and balladeer, wrote a famous ditty on the subject which runs:

"I danced a jig to London Town,

The wind it blasted in my face,
I cannot stand up for falling down,

Prithee! Gadzooks! Alack!"
So it goes throughout history. Preacher James Gracebott, the Cumbrian visionary, says in his verse *Upsy-daisy!* in 1772:

"This spirit wind blows from Skye to Dover,
'Pon my soul, I've fallen over."

Then there's Edwin Culvert, whose *Country Diary of An Edwardian Crackpot* is still a source of tea-towel designs

to this day:

"On the third day I ventured out into the hell-spawned gale and in a moment it felt that the Lord himself was standing with me. Just after that it appears the Lord lost interest and wandered off and I found myself upside down in a sheep dip three miles away. Just for once, I moved in a way more mysterious than the Lord . . ."

In more recent times, the late nineteenth century spook chaser P.D. Woodenhutt traced and recorded over ninety-six separate air elementals. In his book *What ho! Wind!* he recounts a typical case:

"It was deuced early in the morning when Hoskins, master of the pandybat and all-round bad egg, called at my house asking after my Aunt Harriet. I was about to send for Joves, my man who does, when there was a sudden and impudent blast of wind. 'What ho!' quoth I, 'Joves, is it a gale, and for heavens sake, if so, why haven't you warned me about the deuced thing?'

Joves, that stalwart supporter of the gentry, rounded on me in his crafty way. 'Firstly sir,' he said, 'It's an air elemental. Secondly, you ought to have identified it for yourself seeing as how it's your life's work, and thirdly, I'll be dashed if I take any more orders from a cad like you.' It is my belief that Joves is a distant relative of Janine Melnitz.

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT Art ANDY LANNING and STEPHEN BASKERVILLE

Friday, 16th March 1990

I've never seen Egon quite so beside himself. The portrait of Ichabod Spengler in the town hall of Creepy Hollow was almost a dead-ringer for our resident boffin. Egon was most excited by the whole thing and told us about his distant ancestor Ichabod, who'd been the school-teacher in Creepy Hollow two hundred years ago. Ichabod had been a popular man. He'd designed and built the town's first coin-operated laundromat in 1780. Until then, you'd had to scrub your shirts on a washboard and spend the morning winding the mangle. Thanks to Ichabod all the townsfolk had to do was to place a quarter in the palm of a little man called Clyde and he'd scrub their shirts on a washboard and spend the morning winding the mangle.



Ichabod also designed the Self-Stacking Crockery Drainer Mk II, which is still in use in the Governor's mansion to this day (the Mk I is not spoken of in Creepy Hollow since the Great Slippage of 1787), and he was responsible for introducing Scrubble to the Midwest.

Ichabod was most famous for organising a community brigade to combat the many local spirits that plagued Creepy Hollow. Yup, even back then there had been ghostbusting genes in the Spengler DNA. Ichabod's Paranormal Patrol had had great success: in 1781 they'd exorcised

the Town Hall terror. In 1786 they'd banished the Tower Crawly Thing. In 1787 they'd pulverised the Market Place Many-Headed Mutant Murmuring Monster with Measles.



But Ichabod's success was not one hundred percent, and sad to say his failure was also his downfall. In 1790 he'd set out to bust the last ghost in Creepy Hollow – that of the Headless Horseman who appeared along the pathway on the far side of the little covered bridge and stole something from every unwary traveller it met.

"What sort of something?" I had asked Egon.

"The thing that the Headless Horseman hadn't got," replied Egon gravely.

"What! Not a Patsy Kensit Mug Tree?" asked Peter and everyone had shot him the 'if you're not going to take it seriously, we shall ignore you' look. Egon continued, "Ichabod disappeared that fateful night, a victim presumably, of the terrible, head-stealing horseman. That's why I'm dressed in these historical clothes. I thought the Bicentennial Fancy Dress Celebration of Creepy Hollow would be an ideal time to try and succeed where my ancestor failed. I'm going to bust the last ghost in Creepy Hollow. What do you think, guys?" Silence descended on the ancient town hall chamber as the three of us carefully

weighed up our responses and prepared an appropriate and reasoned answer to his question.

"Very bad idea," we told him.



Saturday, 17th March 1990

So there we had sat, trussed up like Thanksgiving turkeys in our Creepy Hollow Bicentennial Period costumes, peering through knot-holes in the wall of the hen coop on the bank of the Creepy Hollow river waiting for something to happen. It was pitch black outside, cold and threatening to rain. We all wanted to be back in town enjoying the 'Two Hundred Years of Creepy Hollow' mulled Punch and join the Mayor in a medley of 'The Star-Spangled Banner', 'This Land is My Land', 'Yankee Doodle Dandy' and 'I'm a Pink Toothbrush'.

"I said this was a bad idea," muttered Peter.

"And we agreed with you," replied Ray, who was perched between two grimacing roosters who appeared to be incubating a clutch of five eggs. "But this is very important to Egon. We have to help him. There's the memory of his ancestor at stake."

"Besides," I put in, "isn't this the best fun you've had in ages?" Peter tried to take a swing at me, but the loose feathers of the coop got up his nose and he sneezed so violently that the whole structure threatened to tip into the icy river.

Various hens clucked anxiously. Peter was about to try again when Ray interrupted us. "Hey! Hey, you guys!" he said. "I can just see Egon now! He's crossing the covered bridge and moving along the path. No sign of any spooks. D'ya really think that Egon, in that old costume, is going to lure the Headless Horseman out?"

We all pressed our eyes up against the knot-holes again and the coop teetered dangerously.

"You got any PKE readings?" Ray asked. "Nope," I replied, and was about to report that my PKE meter was as dead as a dodo when suddenly it wasn't. The readings went right off the upper end at what Egon calls nine thousand cycles and I call 'bad craziness'.

"Look! Look!" bellowed Peter. "The Headless Horseman! He's there! He's bearing down on Egon! Egon's making a run for it! Quick! The plan's worked! Let's give him some back-up!"

So we did. Three tired cold New Yorkers, dressed as old timers, who'd spent two hours in a hen house sprang into action with unlicensed nuclear accelerators on our backs. We belted over the covered bridge and unshipped our Proton Guns just as the awful and terrifying Horseman heard us, turned away from his intended prey and came galloping towards us.

"He wants to steal our heads!" screamed Peter.

"Let's blow him to pieces!" Ray screamed back. It was sound advice, so we did. Ray rubbed his hands together gleefully. "Egon will be pleased. We just busted the last ghost in Creepy Hollow and avenged his ancestor."

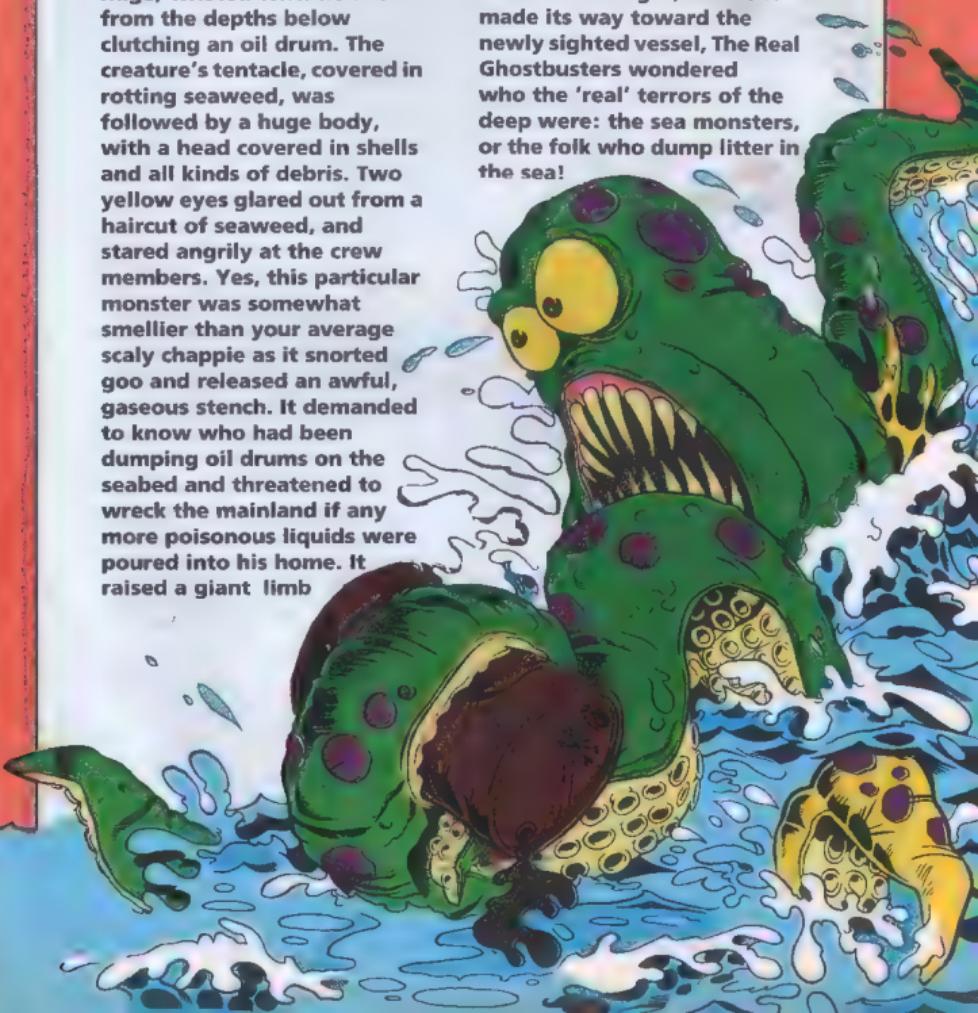
Just then Egon turned up. "Sorry I'm late," he said. "It took me ages to get this doublet buttoned up correctly. Shall we start? Have I missed anything?"

Peter and Ray turned to me, confused. "If Egon's only just arrived, who was that...?" I shrugged. "Maybe there's one ghost left in Creepy Hollow after all," I said.

TAMPER BAY TERROR!

Whilst on a supposedly relaxing fishing trip off the coast of Florida, The Real Ghostbusters encountered this manic maritime monster. A drainage smell arose, and a huge, twisted tentacle shot from the depths below clutching an oil drum. The creature's tentacle, covered in rotting seaweed, was followed by a huge body, with a head covered in shells and all kinds of debris. Two yellow eyes glared out from a haircut of seaweed, and stared angrily at the crew members. Yes, this particular monster was somewhat smellier than your average scaly chappie as it snorted goo and released an awful, gaseous stench. It demanded to know who had been dumping oil drums on the seabed and threatened to wreck the mainland if any more poisonous liquids were poured into his home. It raised a giant limb

ready to strike as Egon and Winston let fly with their Proton Guns. Just at that point, a boat carrying drums on deck was sighted nearby. The creature soon diverted its anger, and as it made its way toward the newly sighted vessel, The Real Ghostbusters wondered who the 'real' terrors of the deep were: the sea monsters, or the folk who dump litter in the sea!



DEAD TRUE!



The Emerald Isle has to be the home of supernatural tales, with more ghostly rumours per square mile than anywhere else. Tucked away in County Cavan, by the border of County Leitrim, is a quiet little village called Killeshandra. In ancient times the Druids were known to worship in the surrounding countryside and the place is steeped in tradition and folklore. However, there is one thing in particular that arouses interest in this area, - the dreaded Black Coach.

The grim appearance of the Black, or Dead, Coach showed itself to a local family by the name of Corcoran, much to their terror. Young Maureen Corcoran was feeling poorly, and Mrs Witsett, a neighbour, was helping to care for the child. The child's grandmother was also in poor health, and though nobody had

admitted to it, she was not expected to live for much longer. Mrs Corcoran was awaiting the return of her husband when the sound of a carriage could be heard approaching the house. Katy, an orphan who helped with the housework, made her way to the door then let out an almighty scream! Katy collapsed across the threshold as Mrs Witsett and Mrs Corcoran ran to investigate. The street was deserted but everybody's fears were confirmed when Katy came to, crossed herself and muttered, 'Lord preserve us, I saw the Dead Coach... black like a hearse.'

'I know who it came for,' said Mrs Corcoran as her eyes stared in the direction of her mother's bedroom. The other two nodded solemnly in agreement.

News of the Dead Coach's sighting sent a shiver through the village the next morning. The

locals feared for the Corcoran's, for they knew that these spectral vehicles represented death or disaster. The shadowy carriages drawn by black horses, driven by phantoms, were the root fear of all, for they only brought sadness.

The villagers could not understand it! No one in the household had died during the night, maybe the black hearse had given up on death rides! Even Mrs Corcoran's mother felt better than she had done for a long while. Then, before sunset, the hidden fear turned into reality. Young Maureen had a sudden fit of violent coughing, and unable to catch her breath, died as the last rays of sunlight passed by the window. The Black Coach of Killeshandra had claimed another passenger on its journey into darkness.



THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

GHSTSTBUSTERS II

Part Sixteen: Vigo the Carpathian will rise from the dead at the stroke of midnight. The Ghostbusters must focus all the goodwill in the city in order to stop him...





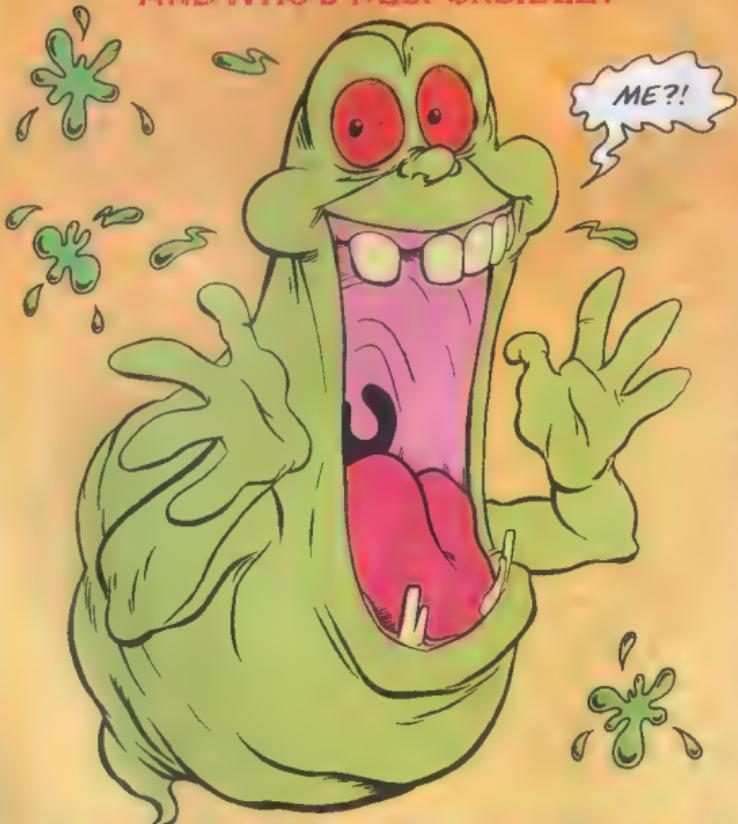




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SLIMER!

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Yeah, that's right! You guessed it! It's your Uncle Peter V here, ready to dive into another monstrous mailbag!

Dear Peter...

I have some questions: In *Ghostbusters II*, why didn't you cover Vigo's eyes so that he couldn't see anything and then blast him?

— Robert Hill, Blackpool.

Well, it's all right for you to say that now, isn't it? I'd like to see what you'd have done if you were actually there. I don't know, it's not easy doing this kind of job, you know.

PS.

Thanks for the translation, mum!

I have some questions for you: 1. Why is it that you have more hair in your comic than in the movie?

2. Why don't you just suck Slimer up with a vacuum cleaner and blame Janine? — Colin Horswell, Pudsey.

1. *So, I've got a wider parting, so what? It happens to the best of us!* 2. *Don't think that I haven't already tried that one! He just came straight through the dustbag!*

I read your comic every week, and I think you and Ray are so funny. 1. In Issue seventy-three, in 'Hallowe'en Horror', I noticed that the first ghost was a boy because the shoes he was wearing were real boy's shoes. True? 2. I'm talking seriously here, are ghosts real?

— Shahzad Malik, East Finchley.

1. *It's not the most obvious of things, y'know. If I spent all my time looking at people's feet, the rest of the Ghostbusters would begin to wonder about me!* 2. *Of course they are, especially their feet!*

Will you answer my questions: 1. In Issue eighty-six, you were sleeping on the floor in a flat, but in the cartoon you sleep in the Firehouse HQ. Was it your real home?

2. Will Dana ever be in the cartoon with you, or is she too busy with Oscar?

— Gareth Morgan.

1. *You must know that everyone needs their own bit of space, somewhere that they can get away from the traumas of everyday life. Well, I have an apartment that I can go to if Ray's socks get just a bit too smelly!* 2. *Who knows? But I do know that Oscar's a real handful...*

I have got two questions for you:

1. Does the evil Vigo really come alive in *'Ghostbusters II'*?
2. Does Sliver drive?

— Michael Alan Williams, Northam, Bideford.

1. *Yep!* 2. *Yep! But not very well!*

I have a question for Egon: Did you ever want to be a vet, or a teacher, instead of a scientist?

— Paul Finnion, South Shields.

Egon says: No, Paul. As soon as I first stumbled across Tobin's Spirit Guide I knew that parapsychology was the career for me!

I have a bunch of questions for you:

1. What is Winston's favourite sport?
2. Ray, what's your favourite make of car?
3. Which is your favourite and worst ghost, Egon?
4. What does Dana do these days?
5. What classification is Vigo?

— Nicholas Lock, Hereford

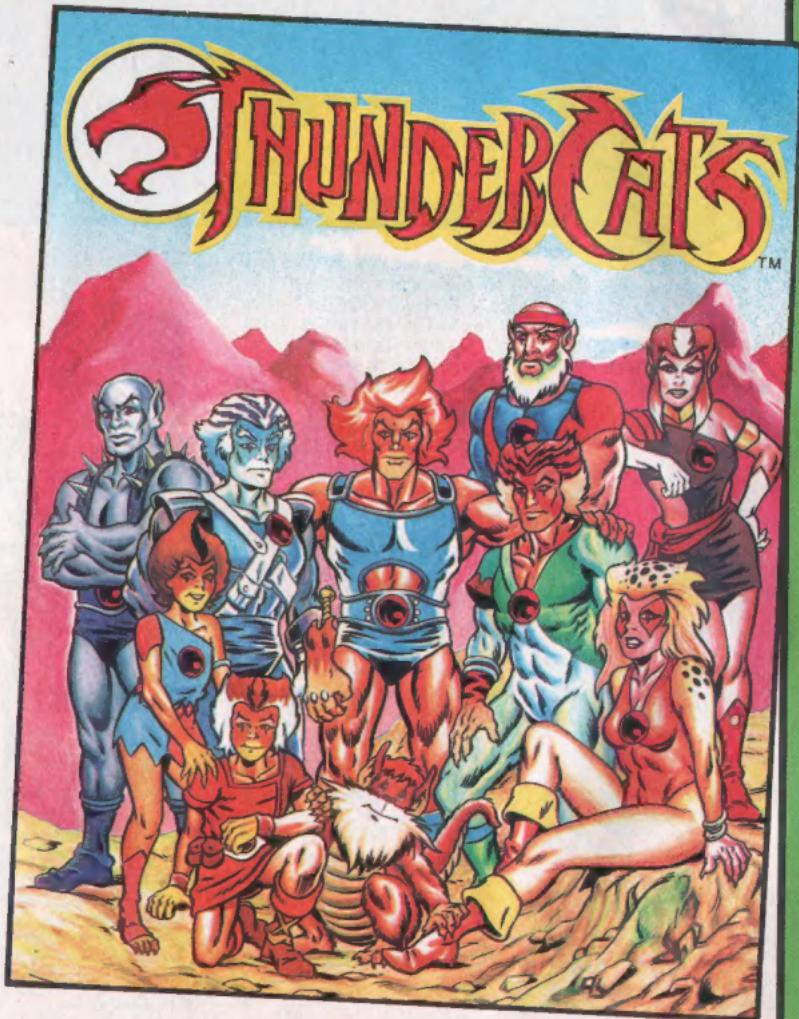
1. *Baseball.* 2. *Ray always maintains that it is a 1959 Cadillac ambulance, just like ECTO-1!* 3. *Egon says: I have no preference when it comes to my work. Each spectral being has its own intrinsic value!* 4. *Well, I guess she's gone back to playing the cello with the orchestra!* 5. *Class ten, Class eleven? Anyway, he was a big 'un!*

SPECTRAL SPECTRUM PAGE!

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PAGEY-WAGEY!!



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What did the monster say
when he saw a sleeping man?
"Ah, breakfast in bed!"
— Luke Creedy, Derby

What is Dracula's favourite
fruit?
A neck-tarine!
— John Devlin

What do you call a dinosaur
with one eye?
The D'youthinkhesaurus!
— Russell Wilde, Blyth

What do you get when you
cross a centipede with a pig?
A walky-porky!
— Jason Pinkney, N. Yorkshire

What do you get if you stand
under an elephant?
A pat on the head!
— Kay Painter, Shropshire

Which musical instrument can
a skeleton play?
The trombone!
— Douglas Hoskins, Glasgow



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TWISTING THE FRIGHT AWAY!

